

EN WOODHEAD OF TANK UNIT WRITES OF VOYAGE

ALL BOYS ASK IS, "WHERE DO WE EAT?"

Three Days Excitement, in Which Figure Many Hungry Fish in Chow Line.

Benjamin F. Woodhead, of Company 303rd Battalion Tank Corps, which is organized in Chattanooga last fall, writes his sister, Miss Susie Woodhead of North Chattanooga. His letter is begun aboard a vessel somewhere on Atlantic waters, is added to a day later, and is concluded somewhere in England, Oct. 8. From an account young Woodhead gives of voyage across, they encountered very rough sea, and a storm from which they barely escaped with their lives, many sustaining broken bones. In one part of his letter he says: "We have lost some men from sickness and they were laid away in the sea. Some extracts from his letter as follows: "We are now somewhere on the Atlantic waters. We certainly did leave Baltimore in a hurry, and we were the ship and out of the harbor. The cheers of many ferry boat loads of people, who were crossing the river at that time. "My voyage started with two good days and then began a three days' nightmare, in which figure many hungry fishes that formed a chow line, as to where I hurried out on the deck. Well, I felt better the third day and have begun to enjoy trip. We are quartered down on lower deck, and sleep in hammocks, there is not much to write about, but water everywhere, but I bet you have some excitement when we get to the danger zone.

Two Days Later Out At Sea. "We are still rolling and dipping over the mountainous waves. I was mess orderly yesterday, which consists in taking several pans and a bucket around to the kitchen to get the stuff for the table at which about twelve or fifteen of us eat. Yesterday the sea was unusually rough and we had the time of our lives. "Imagine carrying pans of food over a glassy slick floor which persists in tipping back and forth. A man finding himself slipping would skate madly across the kitchen safely to the other wall, only to find that he had reached there just in time for the floor to begin tipping the other way, and back he would go, clutching at anything. "This is an English boat, and we have fun talking to the crew. They call supper, tea, and we have tea, cold meat and butter, pickles and bread, the same every afternoon. "There is a canteen on the ship where we get candy cakes, drinks, tobacco and apples. "This is a jolly crowd. One of the crew made the remark that the Canadians were always worrying about submarines, but that this crowd only wanted to know 'when do we eat?' "We have lost several men from sickness and they were laid away in the sea. Poor fellows! They were so desperately anxious to go over that they came on board sick, and the ship is a bad place for a sick man. "We have a 'Y' down in the second-class cabin, with a victrola, a piano, books and stationery. "Somewhere in England, Oct. 8. Since writing you last, things began to pick up on the good ship 'shake 'em up'. As we were nearing the port there was a terrible wind storm. We were waiting to see land all right, but not so sudden, and when the fog lifted suddenly, there was land right under our nose, you see! We had been riding the mountainous waves all right as long as we kept going, but the captain was compelled to turn the ship around. It had to be done or go on the rocks.

Believe me when those waves got through with us there wasn't anything loose worth mentioning left on deck, and lots of things got loosened such as doors, lockers, etc. There were several legs, arms, noses, etc. broken. "I was lucky to be down in the 'Y' at the time, where only a bushel of glass and a river of water fell through the skylight on us; but we were protected partly by an overhanging shade. It was funny to see the room being rinsed out by a foot of water being sloshed from one side to another, along with chairs, seats, books and other articles, while we sat safely on the tables.

Safely Anchored. "Well, a good ship, finally anchored, while an English band played cheering tunes that we liked to hear. My! but it felt fine to walk on dry land again. We are in a rest camp for a few days now. Will write again when I get a permanent address.

HELP APPRECIATED

Mrs. V. D. L. Robinson Receives Letters From Soldiers' Parents. Chattanooga's young girls and mothers who volunteered to go to the hospital at Oglethorpe and assist in ministering to the needs of the sick soldiers during the influenza epidemic are being repaid by the government in money for their time. Besides, they are receiving pay which they value much higher than money, and that is the deep gratitude expressed by the parents of the boys who in some cases were too far away to be near their bedside. Letters are coming in from different parts of the states to these Chattanooga girls. They are read with great interest and are valued by the one who receives them just as much, if not more so, than one would be from the president of the United States.

In several cases the hand of a tender Chattanooga woman clasped that of a dying soldier boy. It took the place of his mother's, who was far away. His last words were said to her instead of the one he loved so dear, and she in turn told his parents how bravely he died without a complaint, and that his last thoughts were of "mother."

In one ward at the Oglethorpe hospital during the epidemic a young lad lay very low. In hospital beds adjoining him were boys who had joined the colors who were not as far gone as he. A Chattanooga girl was at the side of the dying boy and at the same time others were waiting, just a glass of water or something that most any girl could do. She told them that she couldn't come right then—that the young man at her side was very low. "Alright," said the boys, "we'll wait. Say, do you think he will pull through?" "I'm afraid not," said the acting nurse. A little later he fell asleep forever.

"Oh, we want to go abroad in the Red Cross service. I would give anything to go overseas." These are the familiar expressions often heard in passing. There was work here at home just as important. Boys were dying closer than the base hospital in France. Some girls missed their opportunity, and others did not.

It was when Mrs. V. D. L. Robinson stood on Market street one morning

watching several military funerals pass when the influenza was taking the soldier boys in such large numbers that her heart went out to them and she decided to go to the camp and do her bit. She stayed there in the hospital at the camp for two weeks and waited on the boys, and while Mrs. Robinson feels that she did not do any more than she could have done, or any more than the others who offered their services, she prizes two letters she has just received from two deceased soldiers' mothers and church organizations above everything else in the world.

The boy's home was at Milton, Ind., and his mother writes: "Dear Friend, Mrs. Robinson: "We received your kind letter of sympathy and can say truthfully that we fully realize the sincerity of your words, as if we were there with you and stood by you and saw with our own eyes and we knew you did your best and all you could for Raymond. We feel as if we cannot find words to express our thanks to you for your loving kindness to our dear boy in such a time of sore need. It certainly was distressing to see those poor boys suffering and in such need of care. We know it made your heart ache because you could not meet their needs and it almost broke our hearts to see how patient and kind you were to them. God will not forget you; neither can we forget you, and hope some day that we may return our love and thanks in some better way than by mere words.

"Raymond was laid away Friday, Oct. 25, at the Valley Grove cemetery with the best of honors due an American soldier.

"We would be pleased to entertain you if you ever have an opportunity to make us a call, and our neighbors would like to see one who has been so kind to our dear boy.

"Mr. and Mrs. G. S. BRYANT."

HUNS' PENALTY SEVERE

Surprises in Store for Critics of War Settlement.

(By David Lawrence.) Washington, Nov. 4.—More and more is the conviction being developed that Germany has made up her mind to quit and thus prevent a bitter struggle.

There are many surprises in store for those who have been arguing that Germany is going to escape punishment by a settlement of the war at this juncture. Respective of the punishment which no doubt will be visited by elements inside Germany upon those who misled and deceived them, there is no doubt that the German people themselves as well as their government are going to be obliged to submit to what some people may regard as restorative measures, but which will be punitive, nevertheless.

Return 1870 Indemnity a Suggestion. For instance, one of the suggestions I have heard discussed would oblige Germany to return to France the original indemnity paid by the latter in 1870. It is also being suggested that Germany be compelled to pay a large share of the cost of restoring Belgium. Certainly the German people, when once they contemplate the debts which the present and future generations will have to pay to square accounts with the world, will not be much in love with the militaristic group that started the war.

Aside from the controversy as to whether the trade boycott should be used against Germany—and it probably will not be adopted officially, except as a

weapon of discipline should Germany fail to keep her word—there is every reason to believe that Germany will not find it so easy to regain her trade position as some of her business men have said it would be. To all the talk of economic discrimination after the war, German business men have paid little heed, being of the opinion that people would continue to buy goods wherever they could be purchased for the lowest price, and that France and Germany would trade across the border within a week after a peace treaty had been signed.

Business Men Won't Forget. Thus far only the general principles of trade discrimination have been discussed by the allied governments, and President Wilson has been supported somewhat strongly by large sections of French and English opinion in the idea that there must be no political tariffs. But in actual application by individual business men in America and elsewhere of their own policies, the government here as elsewhere will have little to say. The property taken out of German hands by the alien property custodian, for example, probably will not go back to its original owners, though, of course, the proceeds in money will be paid them. Congress will have to decide whether Germany shall have the same hold on our internal commerce as she had before the war, and there seems little doubt that the valuable docking facilities in New York held by German owners will never be given back.

ASTHMA VICTIM FIFTEEN YEARS

Chattanooga Woman Says She Had to Be Propped Up to Breathe.

NOT A SYMPTOM NOW

Marked Improvement Seen After Taking Lung-Vita a Short Time.

"I had been a victim of asthma for fifteen years, and during that time had tried many 'cures' and 'remedies' and doctors without getting any material benefit," says Mrs. C. M. Smith, who lives at 5608 St. Elmo Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Many have been the times I have had to be propped up in bed for days in order to breathe, and my sufferings were agonies. But all of that was changed after I had used Lung-Vita for a few weeks. The difficult breathing gave way, the wheezing was gone, my strength increased, my appetite became fine, and my sleep was sweet and refreshing. My powers of endurance have been wonderfully increased, and the past year I have enjoyed life more than any in many years. Even during last winter, the severest in years, I was out much in the cold and the snow, and was not troubled in the least by my old enemy, the asthma."

Your druggist or dealer should handle Lung-Vita, but if he won't supply you, write Nashville Medicine Co., Nashville, Tenn., for free booklet.—(Adv.)

What the Army Thinks of the Service of the Bank of Commerce

From Col. Henry Page, M. C., Commanding Rimacourt Hospital Center, American Expeditionary Forces, France:

To the President, Bank of Commerce, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Knoedler—Your letter of August 21st was received today and I am replying by the first outbound mail. I sincerely hope that the reply will travel more rapidly than the letter you mailed to me.

The services of your Bank, while I was at Oglethorpe was, as far as I know, very satisfactory. Such complaints as were referred to me usually showed the depositor at fault and not the Bank. No Banking Company, in my opinion, could have been more courteous, obliging and satisfactory than yours has been.

With sincere regards and best wishes, yours,

(Signed) HENRY PAGE, Colonel.

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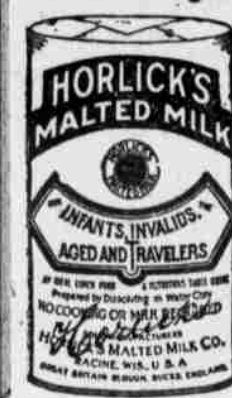
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WHY do Armour and Company find it necessary to operate their own supply house here for dealers? Why do they ship their products here to their own organization and supervise their own distribution to retailers?

To answer that, you have to remember just what Armour's work really is. And to do this, you can't think of Armour and Company as simply buyers of livestock and farm products. Nor can you regard them only as operating a score or more of plants at production centers to prepare foods. Nor can you consider them merely as carriers owning refrigerator cars. Nor is it right to say they are just wholesalers selling foods to retail dealers.

For Armour and Company are, specifically, none of these. It is only when you realize that Armour's business is to collect and distribute foods—only when you understand that this work can be done most economically and efficiently as a whole and not piecemeal—that you can really

understand the true function of this organization.

Through this Branch House here—and all other similar Branches—Armour not only exercises care in selection and preparation, but in transportation and delivery. The Armour products which you buy from your dealer are delivered to him, not by some transportation company or middleman, but by Armour and Company themselves!

Foods go direct from Armour's temperature-regulated storerooms to your dealer's store—and Armour assumes FULL responsibility for their quality, dependability and value. That is why we have a local Branch House and why I am stationed here.

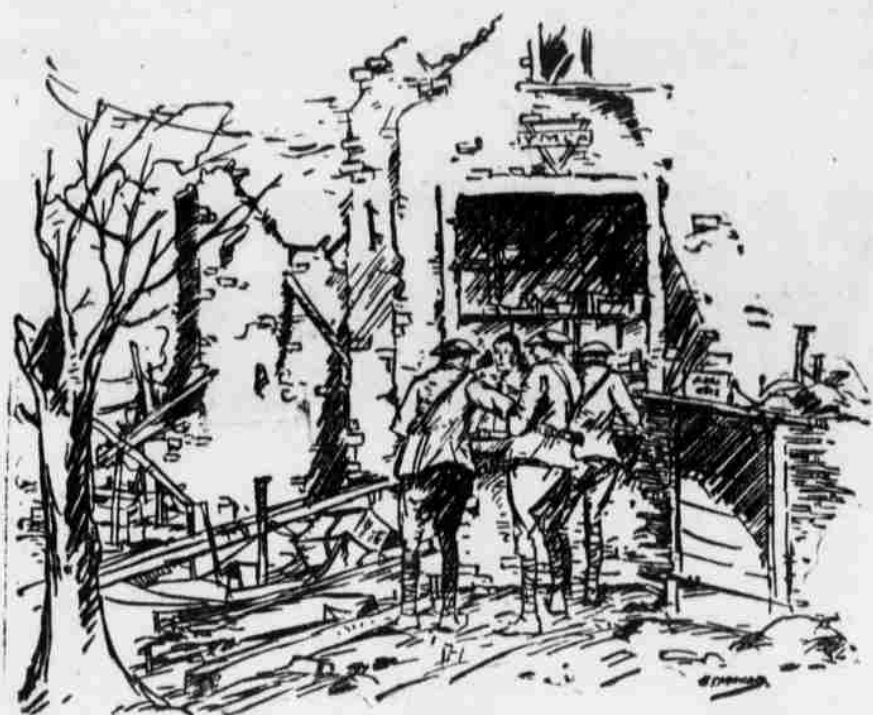
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Don't Sell Your Liberty Bonds—They're the Best Investment on Earth



Out o' Luck—and In Again!

THREE soldiers who had been cut off from canteen supplies for many days left the trenches for a brief respite.

"Oh, for a smoke!" said one.

"And something sweet—some chocolate or cookies!" said another.

"I need a tooth brush and some soap worse than anything," said the third.

They came into a desolated village. Not a soul was in sight.

"We're out o' luck!" they said. And then they turned a corner.

"There it is!" they cried. It was a sign on the only building left standing in the place. It was the canteen run by one of these seven recognized organizations.

"Who said we're out o' luck?" they shouted. "We're in again!"

More than 500 tons of supplies leave our ports every week under the direction of these seven agencies—just so that wherever the American soldier happens to be, he will find good cheer and comfort waiting for him. A splendid army of uniformed workers are now engaged in this work and General Pershing asks that at least a thousand more be sent each month.

Nothing is too much to do for those who are bearing the brunt of this war. What will you give for those who are giving everything?

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN



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